

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PSALMIST'S WISH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Oh! who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may flee away and be at rest?"

O Psalmist! weary of earthly things,
And longing for rest in the courts above,
Why dost thou sigh for the humble wings
Of the dove, the simple dove?

Other and wiser birds there are,
Of stronger pinions and swifter flight,
Who could bear thee over the morning star
To hawk in fadeline light?

Why dost thou not, O Singer sweet,
(Whose lips o'erdrop with honeyed words),
Long for the pinions, fair and fleet,
Of these more favored birds?

Softly a voice replies,—almost
As if the Psalmist spoke again:
"The wisdom, child, of the Holy Ghost
Is foolishness with men."

"Lo! at His footstool, broken, huddled,
Are wrecks of many a giant wrong—
While with the weak things of the world
Dost God confound the strong."

"And on the pinions of the dove,
The guileless pinions, fair and white,
The soul may wing to courts above,
A safer, sterner flight—

"Than if up-borne more rapidly,
On wings which scorn the fairest sod—
O child! it is simplicity
Which brings us close to God!"

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Nassinger," &c.

CHAPTER V.

COMING HOME.

The short, yet straggling street, of the village of Mellor was always very quiet. There was but little traffic through it, and still less in it, for it contained but one shop, full indeed of the most various commodities, but not much frequented by customers. Most people stopped at the window, and turned away again after dropping their letters into the slit beneath it, for it was also the post-office; and there were not many folks even to post letters at Mellor. The houses on the north side of the street, which was built on a hill, made the most show, standing back from the road, and at a considerable elevation above it, with neat little gardens, spread sown-wise before them; eyeshot from the windows of these dwellings, drew over the heads of passers-by. On the south side the houses all looked out to seaward over ungreened gardens of their own, and turned their backs to the road, so that it was quite possible, providing only that he escaped the notice of the lynx-eyed post-mistress, for a wayfarer, however remarkable in his personal appearance, to pass through Mellor street without being observed. During the despatch of the mail at 5 P. M., a ritualist in full vestments, or the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in wig and gown, might have very possibly made a progress through it from end to end (if only they maintained a dignified silence), without any Meliorite being the wiser.

It was about 5 P. M. that John Carlyon took his way through Mellor, and that he was not spoken with by any one after what had recently occurred was a pretty convincing proof that he was not seen. The village inn, indeed, had more than its usual fringe of idlers about it, eagerly discussing the very occurrence in which he had so distinguished himself; but it stood apart from the road, on a little plateau of its own, and was avoided altogether by those who took the turning to the right which led to Mellor Church. Mr. Carlyon took this way. The church tower, being very highly placed, could be seen far out at sea, and was even used as a landmark for ships. The churchyard itself stood much above the village, and, indeed, was the highest point save Graycraggs (whereon the house occupied by the Crawfords was situated, and after which it was named), within some miles of Mellor; it was therefore free from all overlookers. Something tempted him, as he passed by, to push open the wicket and enter that great green resting-chamber, where no sleeper turned unquietly on his pillow, or longed with impatience for the morning. Very many generations lay beneath those grassy mounds, or in the vaults of the old church, the ruins of which could be seen from where he stood. Another phase of Christianity had succeeded to the ancient faith, but little change had been made in externals. Two stone images in lichen-covered niches, stood on either side of the porch, but time or the sea-winds had deprived them of all recognizable features; they might be meant to represent saints or demons. The stoup for holy water still had its place in the wall. Within lay many a cross-legged crusader—

Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oration,
or

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails;
the dead representatives of the old form of creed, lying, unarguably enough, beside Protestant lords of the manor, and other modern worthies of high degree. In the superior sanctity of the chancel, under what looked like a four-post bedstead of marble, hung with 'scutcheons, and sculptured with heraldic emblems, reposed the long line of ancestors of Charles, Earl Disney, whose anxiety for the preservation of game had been so recently sympathized with from that moth-eaten pulpit.

"All silent and all damned," quoted Carlyon, thoughtfully, as he gazed through the iron gate which suffered the cool evening air to purify this sanctuary, while it kept more substantial intruders out. "There is nobody at least to contradict it. What thousands of years of death have these good folks to tell of, yet not an hour's experience will the greatest gossip among them reveal."

He turned from the dark porch, where a certain musty flavor of mortality seemed to make itself apparent, and set his face to the sea-breeze, fresh as on the day when it first blew from the gates of the sun.

The wavy west was one great field of gold, with just a ripple upon it like corn at harvest time that smiles to find the sovereign yew it wove. A few white seals flicked its glittering surface, and a faint black line of smoke above one out-going steamship blurred the red sky. From the village beneath thin blue smoke ascended for a little way, till it mixed with the bluer air and was lost; and far off, on the other side of the bay, wreaths of gray marked the unseen spots where man was living and laboring. Here was death—yonder was life; you seemed to step from one to the other at a single stride. Both bushed, for not a sound could be heard, save the dreamy lap of the sea, less like sound than silence; yet the one so chill and hopeless, the other so bright and busy!

"There seems certainly something in what Cartairs says," mused Carlyon; "that is, at times. To lie here for ever, first bones, then dust, has truly little charm; and if it be so, death is a bathos, and the scheme of creation—that is the proper phrase, I believe—a total failure. Perhaps it is: who knows!"

It was not, however, for purposes of philosophic speculation that the speaker had sought this place of tombs; and the mention of Mr. Cartairs seemed to remind him, although indeed he had not forgotten it, but purposely procrastinated the matter, of what had attracted him thither. He walked with a quick step towards a secluded corner of the churchyard, and with the shadow of an enormous yew; within a square of small stone pillars, not unlike milestones, and connected by iron chains, stood a huge monument of granite.

"Thanks to him, I have never set foot here save last Sunday, since the day he buried him; so this will be new to me," muttered the visitor, as he held aside a layer of yew and let the sunshine in upon the gilded letters of the inscription, now fast fading and almost effaced:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
RALPH CARLYON,
OF WOODLEES,
A DEPUTY LIEUTENANT FOR THE COUNTY
AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
A Prudent Father,
A Pattern Husband,
A Perfect Christian.
He closed a Life of Piety, Feb. 13th, 1849.

"Those are Meg's adjectives," muttered the intruder, grimly; "but what is this in Latin? I did not give her credit for the classics."

"Gone to join the majority."

That was not Meg's, I'm sure. Ah! I remember now. He told me something of his wish to have a certain sentence placed above his grave, and I—thinking it was some pious text—bade her let it be done. Well, this is truth, at all events, and consistency likewise, for this perfect Christian and Deputy-lieutenant always held with the majority while he was alive. But Silence, bitter tongue. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and, moreover, this dead man was my father. Let me try to feel pious and regretful at the tomb of my parent. Alas! I cannot do it. But the doctor was wrong too when he accused me of unfeelingness to this man. His example of faith has not been thrown away upon his son. I have not disgraced his teaching. I have had respect for his memory, if for nothing else, heaven knows! Ralph Carlyon," murmured he, after a pause, "I forgive you; and if what these gravestones preach be true, God Himself can scarce do more. You have placed a gift between me and all good folks, dead and alive, as broad and impenetrable as that which is said to separate the wicked from the blessed in the world to come. Thanks to you. I have no happiness in the present, nor hope in the future. Forty years of wasted life lie already behind me; there may be as many still to come, for I am very strong. Is it likely that these will be more tolerable than those already passed, with youth exchanged for age, and strength for weakness? It is idle to suppose it; the years must soon draw nigh of which, even good men say, they find no pleasure in them. I have no friend in either heaven or earth. My kindred

wish me dead that they may possess my goods. They are welcome, I am sure, although I doubt whether old Robin and the rest would like the change of dynasty. I wish that William Miller had been a little less ready with his rope. But no; I don't say that, for then there would have been an angel less in the world—Agnes Crawford. I believe in angels so far. It would have been worse for others, if better for me. She is everybody's friend—everybody's, that is, who is wracked—except mine. They have told her lies about me without doubt, and even the truth would make her shrink from me as she never shrank from mere pestilence and contagion."

He was leaning over the wicket gate and looking northward, where Greyraggs, clothed and crowned with its verdant and noble trees, rose from the margin of its little bay like one green tower.

"No woman loves me, or will ever love me, being what I am," he went on; "and least of all, one like her." A far-off noise—the beat of a horse's hoof—struck upon his ear. "Even my horse is lost; the only living thing that cared for me. Poor Berild! you died doing your duty, good nag, and if there be a heaven for horses."

Why, surely I should know that footfall; and unless there are equine ghosts that haunt the way to their late stables, this is my own Red Bevill coming home!"

He passed swiftly through the gate, and standing in the middle of the road, clapped his hands together and whistled shrilly. Immediately the trotting sound was changed for a canter; and as the coming steed turned the corner and came within sight, a faint but joyful whinny proclaimed his recognition of his master. He never stopped till he had his nose in his human friend's hand, and was rubbing his tail, stiff as steel against his bosom. There was nothing wrong with him, as Carlyon's anxious inspection soon discovered; but he had evidently gone through great exertions. His heaving flanks were dripping as much with sweat and foam as with salt water; his broken bridle trailed upon the ground; his saddle was half turned round; his legs were covered with black mud and sand up to the knees.

It was a touching sight to see the meeting between those two old friends.

"My brave Berild!" cried one.

And the other, though he could not speak, answered, "Dear master!" with his eyes.

Then setting the saddle straight, and knotting the bridle so that his favorite should not be incommoded, John Carlyon once more resumed his way towards home, man and horse walking together side by side. The former seemed for the time to have recovered his usual spirit, whistling snatches of melody, or even occasionally trolling out a patchwork of song; but as he began to descend the other side of the long hill, and to lose sight of all the glorious landscapes, and of Greyraggs with the rest, his depression returned.

Woolless was not a place to create high spirits. It was a fine mansion, with a small deer park attached to it, and no less than three terrace gardens. But the house itself was in a hollow. Notwithstanding that the sea lay so near, not a breath of its fresh, clear air ever visited it. It seemed to have an atmosphere of its own, odorous indeed, but faint and oppressive, in which it was an effort to breathe. For size and antiquity, it was an edifice of which the proprietor might reasonably (if there is any reason in such pride) be proud. The hall, with its huge painted windows—the spoil, it was said, of Mellor Abbey—and splendidly carved chimney-piece, was undoubtedly very fine, if somewhat dim and cheerless. Two grand staircases of polished oak had for its every alternate baluster a twisted column of vine or briony, but then it was a very sunshiny day on which they could be seen without a candle. There were only two cheerful rooms in the whole house. One, the large drawing room, now never used, the French windows whereof opened immediately upon the Rosary, and over the huge fireplace of which was a vast sheet of glass, so that you could sit in the warm glow and watch the snow flakes whiten the broad carriage drive, and deck the evergreens in bridal raiment. The other, the octagon chamber in the tower, John Carlyon's smoking room, whence could be seen Mellor Church and Greyraggs, and, far to the south, a strip of distant sea that was never sand.

Mr. Carlyon made straight for the stables, and saw the wants of his four-footed friend attended to with his own eye, then strolled across the garden towards the house. At the open front door stood an old man with a scared face.

"God's mercy, Mister John! what is it now?"

"What is what now, Robin?" echoed the Squire, in an annoyed tone.

"Why, your masquerading, sir!"

"I—yes! I had forgotten. I could not think what made them stare so in the stable. I have got Mr. Cartairs' clothes on, that's all; and they don't fit."

"Well, well, sir, you are the Squire now; do as you please. But I don't think my old master would ever have exchanged clothes with the parish doctor."

"I dare say not," returned Carlyon, dryly. Then, after a pause, he added, laying his hand upon the old man's shoulder, "I know it is undignified, Robin; but I could not help it. Red

Berild and I were caught by the sea, and so got wet through. Mr. Cartairs was good enough to rig me out."

"Ah!" sighed the butler, shaking his white head as he made room for the Squire to pass him, "my old master never would have been caught by the sea, not he."

CHAPTER VI.

A COUPLE OF VISITORS.

While Mr. Carlyon was yet arranging himself in garments more adapted to his six-feet-three of bone and muscle than the habiliments of the little doctor, Robin came up to say that two gentlemen were waiting for him down stairs—Mr. Crawford and Mr. Richard Crawford.

"I will be down directly," said the Squire, with a flush of pleasure; "into which room have you shown them?"

"Into the master's room, of course, Mr. John. Where else?" inquired the domestic.

"Very good, Robin," was the quick reply.

John Carlyon particularly disliked that room, and the old butler knew it; but at the same time thought it his duty to combat an unnatural aversion. It had been the favorite chamber of John's father, and ought, one may suppose, to have been agreeable to his son on that account. Otherwise, it had certainly few attractions of its own, being the gloomiest of all the reception rooms. A small apartment shut within an angle of the building, into whose old-fashioned, diamond-shaped panes the sun rarely peeped, and when it did so, could throw no cheerful gleam upon the cedar wainscot, or the few family pictures disposed—and not happily disposed—upon its sombre surface. It seemed as though the old gentleman had preferred the company of the worst favored among all his ancestors with one exception. This was the full-length portrait of a young girl, whose short-waisted attire and tower-like arrangement of her long fair hair, could not deprive her of the admiration due to great natural beauty. Below it was that a sunbeam struggled in so far, when it did reach that exquisite face, the whole room was lit up with its loveliness. Those luxuriant locks glittered as though gold dust—the most tritigious fashion of a much later date—had been scattered upon them; the peach-like cheeks glowed with bashful innocence; the blue eyes gazed at you with a tender simplicity that was inexpressibly touching. This portrait faced the fire place; and when the silvery gleams of flame fell upon it, the mobile features seemed really instinct with life. Nothing else was bright in this room, except the silver hilts of a yataghan and dagger that hung over the chimney piece, and were kept unburnished by the butler's careful fingers. They had been brought by his old master from the East, where he had travelled (not without some strange adventures); it was whispered, in which those mysterious weapons had borne their part) in his far back youth. Here, day after day, for many weary years the old man had sat, too feeble to stir abroad; and here, night after night, had lain near when near to death. At last, upon a sofa bed, with his back to the picture and his face to the fire, he had died here. Perhaps it was its association with that last event which had made the cedar chamber distasteful to his son.

However, John Carlyon now entered it with a winning smile, and a courteous greeting for his two unexpected guests. With one of these, Richard Crawford, we are already acquainted; the other, his uncle, was a very tall old man, of distinguished appearance; one, who, though manifestly pale and vigorous, and as upright as a May pole, gave the idea of extreme age, unless some sorrow had done the work of years in emaciating his lengthy limbs, and deepening the caverns of his eyes. These last were very bright and black, and shot from under thick, white eyebrows one swift, suspicious look as the Squire entered, then gazed upon him frankly and gratefully enough.

"This is my uncle, Mr. Carlyon," said the younger of the two visitors, "come in person to thank you for your noble devotion in saving my dear cousin—"

"Nay, Richard," interposed the old gentleman with dignity, and stretching forth an arm almost as long as Mr. Carlyon's own, though wasted to one half its thickness, "I must thank him for that myself. You have preserved to me, the dearest thing left to me in this world, my beloved and only daughter. Accept the gratitude of one who, but for you, would have found the little remnant of life he has still to live very miserable and barren."

"I am most pleased, Mr. Crawford," answered the Squire, returning the pressure of the other's long, thin fingers, "to have been the instrument of saving, not only to yourself, but to the many who have experienced her unfeigned benevolence, a life as precious as Miss Crawford's. And for you, sir," here he turned to the young man, who was giving utterance to certain conventional expressions of gratitude upon his own behalf, "I am sincerely glad to have been able to have given you a helping hand in a difficulty that certainly might have been serious."

"Serious!" observed the old gentleman, "why, my daughter tells me that death stared her in the face."

"And so it did, uncle," answered Mr. Richard, frankly. "Mr. Carlyon makes light of the matter, only because he is used to risk his own

life for strangers. Directly Agnes saw him she cried, 'There is the man to save us, if man can do it!' Twice before, as I hear, upon those very sands—"

"Hush, hush, my dear young sir," interrupted Carlyon, hastily; "your goodwill makes you exaggerate matters, or else you have been misinformed. In the first place, Miss Agnes Crawford is not a stranger to any one who lives near Mellor, and who has ears to listen to good report; and, secondly, possessing unusual advantages in my excellent stead, I should have been base indeed to have used them on so critical an occasion. Had I done otherwise, I do assure you, it would have been the act of a coward," added he, turning towards his older visitor; "and we men who are over six feet high should at least be courageous, should we not?"

Up to this time, in spite of his host's invitation to be seated, Mr. Crawford had been standing, hat in hand, as though his visit was intended to be of the shortest; but at these words he sank slowly down upon the nearest chair, as though he had been pushed into it by main force, and in spite of himself. His long limbs trembled as with the palsy; and his thin face grew more wan and white than ever, except that in the centre of each hollow cheek there was a spot of burning red. His ash-colored lips endeavored in vain to articulate.

"Good heavens! your uncle is ill," cried Carlyon, pulling the bell with violence; "what is it he should take? Wine—brandy? Speak!"

But Richard could reply, the old man answered for himself, in tolerably firm tones, that he was better now and needed no refreshment.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Carlyon, this interview has a little unmeaning to me. I am very old, you see; and for these many years I have lived a hermit's life. The sight of a stranger is quite a shock to me. Thank you: since the brandy has come, I will take a little."

But Carlyon observed that he scarcely put his lips to the glass, and that while he spoke his bright eyes once more flashed forth such glances of anger and suspicion as certainly showed no lack of vital power.

"There, I am better now already," resumed Mr. Crawford, with cheerfulness. "Certainly, if there is an elixir vita for the old at all it is French brandy. I have some in my cellar at Greyraggs—and I trust you will come and dine with us shortly, and take a *petit verre* of it after dinner—which numbers as many years in bottle as I myself have been in the flesh; in other words, it is three-quarters of a century old."

"That would be a great attraction," said Mr. Carlyon, gallantly, "to any other house but Greyraggs, which, however, possesses a much more priceless treasure. You have so overwhelmed me with your generosity, but really exaggerated gratitude, that I have not yet been able to ask after Miss Agnes herself. I trust she has escaped all consequences of her late adventure."

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[August 10, 1847.]

away with you an impression of Woodless derived from this apartment only. Let me persuade you to step up so far as the tower room, where perhaps you will take a cigar."

"With these words he opened the door like one who would have no denial.

"My smoking days are over," replied the old gentleman, smiling; "I am a worn-out profiteer in that way, and can only partake of the mere flavor of vice from the snuff box; yet I will gladly wish your success. But what a long way up it is; why, it's quite an cycle."

"Yes, and here I sit, a wretched, middle-aged bird, all alone and moulting."

"It should be a nest full of eagles; the very room for a nursery, sir," observed Mr. Crawford, unheeding the other's remark, and standing in the centre of the spacious chamber with its three huge windows. "What a beautiful prospect! See, Richard, yonder is Greycroft. My daughter and I have often wondered, Mr. Carlyon, to what use the tower which never shows a candle was put, and I think we must have come to the right conclusion, to judge at least by this telescope." He touched a large instrument standing on a brass tripod and turning on a pivot. "Tis is your observatory, is it not? You sit in the dark here and watch the stars."

"Not I," returned Mr. Carlyon, smiling; "you give me credit for much more learning than I possess. But to keep a lamp burning here is very dangerous to folks at sea. It has been mistaken more than once for the light at Mallow point; and so, as I don't want to hold the castle in whose flame human moths may alight, I sit here in the dark. But as for the stars, I do not trouble myself with them."

"No; I see this is not a night-glass," observed Mr. Crawford, turning the instrument to southward. "But what a field it has! This must have cost you a great deal of money."

"I see you are a judge of telescopes, Mr. Crawford. Yes, this was really a great piece of extravagance for me to indulge in; but it forms my only amusement. This is my watch tower, from whence I survey the world, both land and ocean. I can sit here and sweep fifty miles of sea. The least while speak out yonder, I can recognize, or know at least whether she is friend or stranger. Look now, to that sail at the south-east, hugging the land; that is his lordship's yacht, the *San Souci*—very much misnamed by the by, if all tales concerning her proprietor be true. One would think she would never weather the point yonder."

"She never will," observed Mr. Crawford, decisively, who was watching her through the telescope.

"Not weather it! Permit me to look one moment. Ah, you don't know that yacht. She can sail nearer the wind than any craft in the bay. She is sounding it even now."

"She is doing nothing of the sort, sir," said the old man, smiling, and tapping his snuff box; "lock again."

"You are quite right, sir," cried Carlyon, much astounded; "she has indeed stayed. And yet I would have bet a hundred to one. What an eye you have, why one would think you had been born a sailor. Good heavens! Mr. Richard, you must be taken ill again. It must be the tobacco smoke; I am afraid it was wrong of us to light our cigars."

Mr. Carlyon threw up the north window, the opposite one being already open, and so created a strong draft.

"I am better now," said the old man, feebly; "but I was not the tobacco smoke."

"My uncle sits with me while I smoke, every night," said Richard, coldly; "it must have been the exertion of coming up so many stairs."

"Yes, that was it, no doubt," added Mr. Crawford. "I am a very old man, Mr. Carlyon, and you must excuse me."

"My dear Mr. Crawford, I only reproach myself for my thoughtlessness in having persuaded you—"

"Don't mention it, don't mention it, I beg," answered the old gentleman, hurriedly; "but if you will allow my nephew to ring for the carriage. We shall see you soon at Greycroft, Mr. Carlyon? I shall behave better, I hope, as your host than I have done at your guest."

Leaning heavily upon his nephew's shoulder, he slowly descended the uncarpeted and slippery stairs to the great hall; then, holding out a hand cold and clammy as that of a corpse, he bade Mr. Carlyon adieu, and climbed into his carriage. Richard also shook hands as friendly a manner as he could assume; but the effort was sufficiently evident.

"I am sorry that I don't like Mr. Carlyon," observed the young man, after a long interval of silence, during which they had rolled through Merton.

"Indeed," replied his uncle, in the dry and critical tone which was habitual to him when there was no necessity for politeness. "That is of no great consequence; I beg, however, you will take pains to conceal your dislike while you remain under my roof."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

17 Balloons are now sent up in England, to which rockets packed with powdered magnesium are attached. As the magnesium burns, the country over an extensive area is illuminated by bright moonshines.

18 A French gardener has succeeded in giving any flavor he chooses to fruit while on the tree.

19 The centre of the United States has been definitely fixed. It is Columbus, Nebraska, nineteen miles west of Omaha. George Francis Train is the proprietor of this future city.

20 A Latin paper gives a striking instance of the deplorable results of an attack of cholera. A working man, well advanced in years, had a violent attack of cholera in 1865. Up to this moment he had certainly never manifested any literary ability, but since his recovery he commenced to write poetry, and has already published quite a volume of poems.

21 Since 1867, the Vicksburg Republican has had nine editors. Of these five were shot or stabbed to death, one drowned himself, one was severely wounded, one died of yellow fever, and one was sent to prison for libel. This shows the extreme risks of editorial life in the South.

22 One baker in Boston sells over two hundred quarts of baked beans every Sunday morning, and another dispenses of a third more than that. There are probably fifty other bakers who do as large a trade, while every third family has its own good particular pot. Boston is unhappy for the week and so for all time, if it does not have its beans, (which Prof. Blag says are quite unfit to eat,) and its fish-balls.

23 A Belgian paper, the *Gazette de Mons*, relates that during a storm which lately broke over Frameries, a shower of small pebbles fell from the sky. Several of them were collected, and found to be of the size of a small nut. The composition is a sort of enamelled silice, resembling jasper.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867.

NOTICES.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamp sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELOTS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novel, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novel of "Lord Ulwater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

COOKERY.

Among all the projected reforms of the day—sensible and insensate—there is one reform which is the most needed, and the least thought of. It is a reform of the Cookery of the country.

Could we only call off the scores of intelligent and energetic women who have now aarted in a wild goose chase after their political "rights," and entitle them in this greatly needed reform, we should do more service to the country than three-fourths of our leading statesmen.

Bad cookery, including in the term bad baking, and the neglect of variety, is in our deliberate opinion the direct cause of at least half the intemperance, half the bad temper and quarreling, and half the disease which afflict the country.

We have found in our own case, that we seldom have any longing for epithetious liquors, except when our daily food is badly cooked, or deficient in variety. You eat a badly cooked breakfast for instance, the stomach fails of course to carry on the process of digestion properly, and asks for some stimulant to aid its work. For ourselves, we very seldom drink anything stronger than water with our dinner. But if we eat three times successively at an eating house, we begin to crave some ale or wine to enable us to get down and digest the greasy stuff that at such places is termed food.

An English writer recently said:—"I am inclined to think that good cookery might do at least as much for the morals of the country as gymnastics. Dine in Paris on fourteen courses, and you feel lighter and brighter when you have finished than when you began; 'do justice' as the phrase is, to an English dinner of the old fashioned sort, and, without the liberal assistance of sherry and champagne, you are too stupid to talk of anything except local politics and the state of the crops."

"Yes, that was it, no doubt," added Mr. Crawford. "I am a very old man, Mr. Carlyon, and you must excuse me."

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"Indeed," replied his uncle, in the dry and critical tone which was habitual to him when there was no necessity for politeness. "That is of no great consequence; I beg, however, you will take pains to conceal your dislike while you remain under my roof."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

24 An English paper gives a striking instance of the deplorable results of an attack of cholera. A working man, well advanced in years, had a violent attack of cholera in 1865. Up to this moment he had certainly never manifested any literary ability, but since his recovery he commenced to write poetry, and has already published quite a volume of poems.

25 Since 1867, the Vicksburg Republican has had nine editors. Of these five were shot or stabbed to death, one drowned himself, one was severely wounded, one died of yellow fever, and one was sent to prison for libel. This shows the extreme risks of editorial life in the South.

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27 The centre of the United States has been definitely fixed. It is Columbus, Nebraska, nineteen miles west of Omaha. George Francis Train is the proprietor of this future city.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

REST.

LADIES.—You have had so much of work from me of late that we will now turn aside for a little rest. When Mahomet's soldiers complained that the weather was hot, the march wearisome, and they wanted rest by the way, the iron man said: "Rest! rest! rest! Shall we not have all eternity to rest in?" Now some of us want to rest before that time, otherwise we shall enter upon the other life before we have finished our work in this; or, worse still, we shall be laid up for repairs before we have done good service.

The Divine Leader in Palestine, unlike the one in Arabia, was mindful of all human needs, and said to His followers: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." If we listen, I think we shall hear Him now, as then, speaking to us just as He did to the Disciples, when they returned for fresh instruction after their first tour of preaching and healing. Humanity now, as then, wearsies, and wears in any work, however worthy of our best energies, however cheering our success. Even Elisha needed time and place for rest, and the same good Providence which commanded the ravens to feed his predecessor, prompted the "great woman" (or, as the old translators render it, a "rich woman") to prepare a little chamber on the wall, with its bed, table, stool, and candlestick, so that when on his way to Shunem he would turn in thither and rest. The prophet seems to have had a standing welcome to the general hospitalities of the house, for we read that as often as he passed by "he turned in to eat bread," but beside refreshment he needed a resting place.

How often have I seen those who seemed to need Elisha's chamber on the wall more than a home with "modern improvements," more than medical skill to make them well. A quiet corner like his, a cheerful walk for charitable purposes, a place to "turn in and eat bread," would suffice to cure many a chronic case, if with three came the contented spirit.

But in this "fast age," so full of business and bustle, few take time to rest or retrospect. To be sure, there are plenty of people busy and inefficient; but, of course, they are too much in the rear to get refreshing rest, or are not weary enough to enjoy it. Riches or honor, popularity or position, learning or fashion, "hurry up" the masses. Some are in great haste to do a little good on a large scale, or perhaps great good on a small scale. Others seem to be in a hurry because the rest of the world are, and so apoplexy, paralysis, and more obscure diseases of the brain and nervous system, are selecting their victims from among these hurried people.

Many within the circle of our acquaintances are receiving slight warnings of the approach of a final failure of health, in the way of numbness of the limbs, disagreeable sensations in the top of the head, throbbing and ringing in the ears, dark spots before the eyes, dimness of vision, sleeplessness, etc. Those who take warning at these monitorions, and "turn aside into a desert p'ce and rest a while," and thereafter, when they return again to the busy world, work more prudently, may last to labor for many a year. But few listen to these warnings, for along with them comes a restless haste, a nervous solicitude, which impels them onward faster than ever before.

The following is an illustration of the type we once met in the "Great West," where people and places grow fast, and do not always know when to stop growing.

An individual began his business life with only twenty-five dollars and became a millionaire. When surrounded with all the elegancies of life and blessed with children and children's children, still the same imperative business haste hurried him on, so that he had no time to enjoy the good things he had gathered about him, or rather he had no relish for anything but work. So he hurried on till quite exhausted in body and brain, and then he would sit quietly in the corner by the open grate, seldom speaking, and then in a low tone, eating very little, and sleeping much of the time. In this state he would remain for three or four weeks, and then suddenly, as he would say, "he felt the electric fire return to him again," and then he would be up and off at 8 o'clock in the morning, driving his business as hard as possible—riding fast, talking loud, and sleeping but little, till again worn out, when this state of quietness would return and effect a recuperation, and he would be off to business once more. One day a friend said to him: "Mr. —, why do you not now rest and enjoy your riches?" "Rest! rest!" said he, "I hate rest, and wish I did not have to take time to eat and sleep." "Why?" responded the friend, "don't you expect to rest in heaven?" "No," he replied, "if that were a place of rest I should not want to go there! To me the great beauty of that country is, that there we work all the time without eating or sleeping." This imperative business haste was the result of an overwrought brain which ended in insanity and death. There are many morbid symptoms which are often supposed to call for active measures, when in passive ones the patient needs.

A clergyman, a friend of mine, had been subject to severe attacks of what was then thought to be bilious colic, and had been treated with the usual active remedies for that disease, to the great injury of his sensitive organization. These attacks have since proved to be of a purely nervous character, induced by nervous exhaustion, coming on after close mental labor, as when he had written a sermon which called forth much thought or deep emotion. After leaving all alone study and giving himself to light labor the attacks ceased entirely.

A lady of my acquaintance, whose position requires much anxious thought and responsible care, was subject to severe and sudden attacks of pain in the stomach and through the section of the back opposite. For hours a groaning agony would rest upon her. The suffering she described as more intense than anything she ever experienced before. For a time they were supposed to arise from indigestion, and more and more care as to diet was exercised, and less and less food was taken, but still the attacks grew more frequent and more severe. Boozing certain they were not induced by ungreased food, other habits of life were watched, and the discovery was soon made that they came on after any close and continued mental solvity, especially when from anxious care her usual meal had been omitted, and that the less she ate the more frequent and severe the attacks. Her usual responsibilities were then resigned, a journey taken which restored her appetite, so that she ate freely, slept abundantly, and exercised a great deal in the open air, and had no

return of those terrible attacks. On her return to her home labors, she found that whenever her brain work was so increased that her appetite diminished, the symptoms of a return of the dreaded guest would reappear. But these warnings have been promptly heeded, and more bodily exercise, more brain rest and more food, have prevented their return for years.

In this case the nervous form seems to have been so expended that there was a temporary failure in the ganglionic system of nerves distributed to the stomach, and hence this indestructible agony in that region.

Strong emotions—such as joy, grief, fear, solitude—exhaust the nervous system more rapidly than intellectual activity, and hence rest is needed to repair this waste. But says one: "I feel the need of rest, but I can't find time to take it." Well, my dear woman, that is just the difficulty we have had in mind when we have been asking for more simplicity in diet, dress, and general home-life—that you may have leisure to "go up into the mountain," down by the river side, or into the spare chamber of a friend, or some cozy corner at home, and take the rest you so much need. If we order the general tenor of our lives with Christian simplicity and economy, I think we shall also find the spare hours needed to keep us in health and cheer.

Our Saviour says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now don't spiritualize this till you are dead. Fashion and the Pharisees are not unlike, in that they bind heavy burdens grievous to be borne, such as bring great care and little comfort. Have you, Christian wife and mother, found "your eye ease and your burden light?" If not, canvass the domain of your duties, see how much you could curtail your crushing cares and still be a Christian. Perchance this pruning would make you a more consistent one. We who believe a good Father orders all our ways in mercy should not be in a state of chronic weariness, or, as the Yankees say, in a constant "stew." To be sure, there will be times when labors and cares will fumble in space, but if we possess our souls in patience, and work with cheerful energy they will all disappear, and so sure as a calm comes after a storm, so sure shall we find room and time for more rest than usual just after. When over-wearied we are ready to sing with one of old:

"Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this mortal frame?"

And still we find it has great elasticity, great power of endurance in emergencies, and if we watch and take the little rests which circumstances offer, at the time or soon after, we shall come out not only unharmed, but with fresh resources for the wisdom shown in human mechanism.

David said the wicked were like a troubled sea, which would not rest, but we have seen many modern saints who seemed in a similar condition constantly. The burden of their song for this life is "I am over-done." For the other,

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan."

Now not only the Jesus of the new dispensation, but the Jehovah of the old, recognized our need of rest, and set in order day and night—the one for labor, the other inviting to rest and repose. Beside this the Lord established the rest day, for we read that "on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed." Now we invent all manner of devices to shorten our nights, and if we do not "break the Sabbath," we "crack it," as the little boy said, and cut it, too. But still, despite all the waves of worldliness which wash against this beneficent institution, it still stands as a worn rock, and casts for us a peaceful shadow, beneath which we may rest once a week. I speak rather of the physical blessings which this one rest day brings, though body and spirit are so allied that if we bight one we mar the other. Whatever our daily duties, the more truly we turn head, heart, and hand aside from them on this one day, the better prepared are we for the labors, the pleasures or the perplexities of the next six. The great Father, like a loving mother, has planned rest for us from the foundation of the world, but we, like restless children, rebel against accepting it. I note often, and with regret, that many excellent women, worn out by over-work and excessive care, feel, when laid up for rest, that they are little or no use then. Now this is often the time to do their crowning work—to give lessons of patient, steadfast endurance, such as they could not illustrate in any other condition. The world needs a good spirit more than good works, even. A clergyman, receiving an expression of sympathy from a friend because of the burdens which came upon him on account of his invalid wife, replied: "I have the best wife in the world for me. She helps me just where I most need help, for I lacked faith in the personal power of the Gospel to sustain one under bodily pain and daily privation. She has so perfectly illustrated this point that I preach it in faith." Of course, we do not expect all husbands to be as appreciative of the gentler influences as the one above mentioned. Here and there we find a sample like the one in Vermont, who, when he had a sick wife for whom his neighbor made kind inquiry, replied: "Well, yes, she's some better, but she won't be any profit to me this summer." We remember another, too, who, when hearing the poor pay which women received for their work, said: "Why, I think they get all they aim now; the work my wife does is not worth a dollar a week to me." This same wife was the mother of half dozen children, and some of those were sons. But there is no use in talking about this class of miserly men or miserable women; for they are quite beyond any missionary help from THE HERALD OF HEALTH.

The Rev. Dr. Cookman, pastor of the Spring Garden Street Methodist Church, Philadelphia, has had under his charge the Rev. Mr. Stockton, late a city missionary of Trenton, N. J., and his wife, both of whom are said to have become insane by religious excitement attendant upon the camp meeting at Vineland, N. J. The first indication of this was the throwing of a set of false teeth out of the ear window, on the passage from Vineland to Philadelphia. On Friday night week the couple were found in the streets of Philadelphia, and on giving indications of their church association, they were taken to the residence of a friend, from which they escaped; after which they were again found in the streets and taken in charge by Dr. Cookman. Mrs. Stockton still remains in Philadelphia, but her husband has been placed in the Asylum at Trenton.

A lady of my acquaintance, whose position requires much anxious thought and responsible care, was subject to severe and sudden attacks of pain in the stomach and through the section of the back opposite. For hours a groaning agony would rest upon her. The suffering she described as more intense than anything she ever experienced before. For a time they were supposed to arise from indigestion, and more and more care as to diet was exercised, and less and less food was taken, but still the attacks grew more frequent and more severe. Boozing certain they were not induced by ungreased food, other habits of life were watched, and the discovery was soon made that they came on after any close and continued mental solvity, especially when from anxious care her usual meal had been omitted, and that the less she ate the more frequent and severe the attacks. Her usual responsibilities were then resigned, a journey taken which restored her appetite, so that she ate freely, slept abundantly, and exercised a great deal in the open air, and had no

feels like an odd stick? Little chance for rest, and that bought at a very dear rate, in such places. Of course, if it is a change of scene, mineral waters, sea bathing, a peep at the great or gay world that is wanted, we find it there. But is it rest that we need, it can be got in larger quantities and at cheaper rates in other ways. If you live in the city and want country air for your children, don't take them where the country is filled with city air, but to some quiet farm-house; turn them out to pasture in plain dress, and let them frolic with the lambs and colts and grow strong. This for a season; but now for the little rest which we need, not once a year, but once a week. Look for those out of doors and in the country much as may be. A tired head and a feeble body get but little rest or renovation shut up in close carriages, jolting about amid all the sights, sounds, and smells of a crowded town. But take a quiet drive in an open carriage, with children along, to divert by the things they see and enjoy, and it lifts one quite out of human details. Better still is a tramp with these little ones, having a lunch so that one meal may be enjoyed; for it matters little how plain the food, it always is eaten with relish and digested with ease if taken out of doors. I do not mean a great picnic, for these are always a weariness to the responsible heads of the affair; I suggest them simply

Maggies.

During our work, when marking the boundary line, we had several mules and horses seriously injured by the magpies, the packers having incautiously turned the animals out with sores exposed. I observed one of our mules on the Sumas prairie, near the Fraser river, British Columbia, rolling madly, but was at a loss to imagine the cause. As I stood quietly watching him, he got on his legs, but no sooner was he up than a couple of magpies which I had not previously noticed issued from an adjoining bush, swooped down upon the luckless mule, and commenced again what they had clearly just left off, literally, and not in mere figure of speech, to eat him alive. Vain were all the tortured beast's writhings, kickings, and attempts by mouth and tail to dislodge the greedy birds; they hung on with a perseverance certainly worthy of a better cause. Rolling was his only chance, but even then his persecutors simply hopped off patiently to hide another opportunity. Too much compelled to notice my approach, the two gourmands permitted me to get within range; a shrill whistle sent them scurrying from their horrid banquet, for which they paid the penalty of their lives; I shot one with each barrel. Their backs, as I picked them up, were reeking with the blood of the mule, and in one was still grasped a bit of quivering muscle. We had in our employ a quaint specimen of the thoroughbred woodpecker; old "Pine-knot" we styled him, in compliment to his toughness of powers of endurance; in other words, he combined within himself the various traits of gold-washer, axeman, hunter, packer, trapper, and rowdy in general. He hated magpies nearly as much as loved whiskey, and invariably tried his best to destroy every one he saw. "Darned curse," he used to exclaim, "they'd as leave eat a Indian as a horse, and that's more nor a skunk dog, you may bet high on it."—At Home in the Wilderness.

A CHOICE ITEM.—A religious newspaper in New York in recording a "revival," adds in italic, as the choleric item in the paragraph, "Brother Hinckle has powerfully touched the conscience of callous sinners, and succeeded in doubling the list of subscribers to our excellent paper."

THE MORNING (IOWA) JOURNAL records the discovery, in that vicinity, four feet below the surface of the ground, of an ancient brick, supposed to have been made something more than ten centuries ago. Further investigations are to be made, in the hope of finding ancient ruins.

THE CABLE.—The all important question—at least to stockholders—whether the Atlantic cable would pay, has been satisfactorily answered by Captain Sherard Osborn, who, in a communication to the London Times, states that the estimated receipts for the first year will reach £150,000, or within £100,000 of the original cost of the last laid cable.

MERUROHUM pipes in Paris are made of potatos and turpits dried.

If you would have your daughter's husband pleased with his breakfast, teach her to get a breakfast.

Governor Throckmorton, they say, in view of the uncertainty of human affairs under military government, directed a recent communication to "His Excellency, or any other man, Governor of Louisiana."

A LOUISIANA paper asserts that "on the Opolousan railroad, since the overflow, the engine on the train has frequently to blow the whistle to clear the track of alligators, as the track is the only thing above water for them to rest on for many miles beyond Tigerville. The train has run over several alligators since the water went down."

MOONLIGHT.—The "Turf, Field and Farm" closes an obituary notice of the racing mare "Moonlight," the most promising and beautiful four-year old on the American turf, thus: "She sleeps in peace, after the stormy battle of life. And is this the end of the gallant spirit? Surely there must be something beyond the narrow present for one so great. Greatness is immortal, and immortality cannot die."

THE MECHANICAL horse at the Paris Exhibition makes his mile in fifty-eight seconds.

A French author, Alphonse Karr, has turned market-gardener at Nice, and sells bouquets tied with ribbons inscribed with original epigrams.

A man has been committed to trial under the New York statute against "defacing natural scenery," for posting bills on the Broadwater embankment.

OLD DEACON CONVERSE, of Hartford, was provided with an enormously long handle to his cane. One day when he passed around the contribution box, everybody seemed to be possessed of an uncontrollable desire to laugh when they saw him. It seems that in the morning, having bruised his nose, he put on a piece of sticking plaster. It dropped off, and he picked up what he supposed was the plaster, and stuck it on again. But alas! he had made a mistake, for instead of the plaster, it was a piece of paper such as manufacturers of spool cotton paste on one end of every spool, and which read "warranted to hold 200 yards!"

The wags of Paris say Miss Adah Isaacs Menken will winter this year at the Gâtine in a new drama by M. Alex Damas, entitled Léonie, or the Inconveniences of Photography, in seventeen postures and twenty-five thousand tubs.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF MICHIGAN has passed in Committee of the Whole an article containing the principle of negro suffrage, and an ordinance extending the right of suffrage to Indians.

THE LYNCHBURG VIRGINIAN says there is a child in Montgomery county, Va., which was christened "Andrew Jackson Gordon James Buchanan Kyle The Flag and Fire The Cannon Dubya." The most astonishing thing about it is, the child is apparently healthy.

Many people believe that where a great deal is said something must be true; they split the difference.

A letter from OSAKA, JAPAN, to the Philadelphia Press, says that when Gen. Von Valkenburg, the American Minister, was introduced to the Tycoon, the latter dignitary wore a pair of gold-pantaloons. Pour fellow!

PARIS is laughing at a mistake made by the Moniteur, which, in its report of a recent debate in the Legislative chamber, chronicled "unanimous approbation from several parts of the house."

A gentleman now residing at NEWPORT, R. I., sent a message at noon on Monday, the 1st inst., to Alexandria, Egypt, and received a reply at the same office the following day at 1 P. M., being twenty-six hours in transmission both ways—a distance of 4,000 miles, or more, as the crow flies.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS. The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1,000 head, all received from \$45 to \$60 per head. Sheep—30,000 head were disposed of at \$10 to \$12 per head.

FEATHERS.—Sales of Western at \$10 to \$12 per pound.

FRUIT.—Green Apples range from \$1 to \$1.50; Peaches from \$1 to \$1.50; and Yellow Apples at 25¢ per pound.

HOGS.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

BEEF.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

PEAS.—Sales of 200 bushels from \$10 to \$12 per bushel.

SWINE.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

POULTRY.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

Wool.—The market continues inactive.

COTTON.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

GOATS.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

MEAT.—Sales of 200 hams at \$10 to \$12 per ham.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 36 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Monotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours."

will be sent gratis to every single (\$3.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of *The Post* shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be produced—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The Post is exclusively devoted to literature, and therefore does not discuss politics or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, *The Lady's Friend*—in order that the Premium may be made up of the paper and magazine combined when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) \$9.50
1 copy of *The Post* and 1 of *The Lady's Friend*, and one engraving. 4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies	\$4.00
4 "	8.00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club)	9.00
6 " "	12.00
14 " "	30.00
20 "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") will be sent to EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five or over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

"?" Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit one dollar extra.

"?" Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to pay the U. S. postage.

"?" The contents of *The Post* and of *The Lady's Friend* will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for \$35.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at \$2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in addition to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club-subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post office, county and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. I am afraid cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money to the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

If Specimen copies will be sent postage paid on the receipt of ten cents.

Battle of Birds.

While sauntering around lately, we accidentally witnessed one of the most singular ornithological exhibitions that ever fell under our observation. A chimney swallow had only begun to balance his little body upon the topmost branch of a large cherry tree, when a robin of aldermanic proportions swept down upon him from a neighboring maple. The swallow fought him nobly for a while, and with every prospect of success, until his russet-colored coat was reinforced by his mate; then, not till then, did the little hero cry for quarters. Trifling lead and pitch only, he attracted the attention of some of his tribe, and to his relief came the colony of a neighboring chimney. Now began a combat worthy of a painter's pencil.

As the swallows advanced and retired in dark waves, they dealt cruel blows at the cowed robins, who, maddened by pain, fought with desperation; but the odds were too great, and gasping, bleeding, quivering, clutching from bough to bough, the robins fell to the earth, shapeless and torn. Although intensely exciting, the combat was not the most interesting feature of this curious exhibition. Many of the swallows were covered with wounds given by the sharp claws and strong beaks of the unfortunate robins, and these received the immediate attention of the unwounded, who in pairs carried them tenderly to their sooty homes. Now came the final and most singular features.

Tenderly, carefully, and solemnly was each dead swallow conveyed to the top of a large chimney adjacent, and after pinning up the rigid bodies in one sombre heap, the entire swarm settled upon the roof in silence, while one of their companions, whose great age was evident from the lightness of his feathers, perched upon the lightning rod, and for some five or ten minutes chirped, fluttered, and slowly flapped his wings. During this performance, which was evidently an oration upon the virtues of the deceased, the bird audience maintained their positions immovable; but at the close, three of the birds, whose black, glistening coats denoted their youth, advanced and cautiously pecked the bodies into the yawning chimneys. This accomplished, each winged witness sailed away, noisily twirling, as though in heated discussion over the fight in which each had participated.

"That's a pretty go," said the husband when his beautiful wife ran away from him.

NEXT YEAR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The lark is singing gayly in the meadow,
The sun is rising o'er the far blue hills,
But she is gone, the music of whose talking
Was sweeter than the tones of summer rills.
Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming in the
forest,

And think of her blue eyes;
Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her
garments—
Tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard,
And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair;
And sometimes, round the sinless lips of child
hood,

Breaks forth a smile such as she used to
wear.

But never any pleasant thing around, above us, us,

Sings to me like her love—

More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten
o'er us,

More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,

She meets me not in any summer eve;

But once, at night, I heard a low voice calling,

"O! faithful friend, thou hast not long to
grieve!"

Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the
meadow,

I shall not hear their tone,

But she, in the dim, far-off country of the
stranger,

Will walk no more alone.

LOVE, THE AVENGER.

BY W. READE, JR.

I had only returned from Australia, a few days when I fell in, by one of those coincidences which people won't believe in novels, and which so often occur in real life, with a man whom I had not seen for ten years, and whom I had lost all trace of. He was Philip Chasemore, a surgeon, whose life and abilities had been devoted to the obscure well-doing of a country practice, although his abilities were worthy of a more brilliant sphere of action. And I specially wished to see him, because he had been the intimate college friend and companion of a man who was the admiration of most of the men in the university during my time, their admiration being only equalled by their perplexity, for the man in question, Gerald Stauncel—"Firework Gerald," as he was surname from his erratic genius—was a person very unique in his way. With the most brilliant abilities and some of the best qualities, he unitied to these others proportionably bad. Generous, courageous, high-spirited, free of money, time, and interest in his friend's behalf, and the life and soul of every circle wherein he chose to exhibit his *real* wit and humor, he would change in a second from the frank brilliant *bon vivant* companion to an enemy fierce and passionate as a revengeful southern; the blaze in his dark eyes, and the white palor of fury which overspread his face, might be excited by a harmless speech at any moment, and his physical strength rendered him a most dangerous antagonist. No wonder, then, that with all their admiration of his good qualities, men felt insecure as on a volcano's edge when in Gerald Stauncel's society.

His intellect was of the highest order. How often have I heard the brilliant epigrams and the lucid arguments flow in an unbroken stream from his lips when he was really warm to his work and nothing crossed his temper. The lore of Greece and Rome was as familiar and dear to him, with all his fondness for modern life and pursuits, as the latest odds and the gossip on the things of the day were to his companions. The power of concentration, argument, and fluent diction which he possessed, and he had little or none of the words crudity of youth—marked him out for distinction. So wonder, then, that with all their admiration of his good qualities, men felt insecure as on a volcano's edge when in Gerald Stauncel's society.

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He had been a tuft at Christ church in Gerald's time, and an ally of his on the river. He was a handsome man, rather *insouciant* in manner, and stupid in his ideas, or lack of them. But he was *Riot*, fifth Viscount Dasserton, and owner of half a Welch County. That fact his admirers never forgot, and it threw a haze of romance and life over him. And the viscount never forgot it himself.

He seemed very much struck with Lucy Chetwynd's beauty. Indeed, her tranquil loveliness was eminently adapted to catch admirers by a *coup de foudre*. And the young lady, even while knowing Gerald's fondness, and really fond of him herself, was not indisposed to receive a peer's glances of admiration. So matters went on for some days.

Mrs Chetwynd was an old campioner. The glitter of a coronet dazzled her and made her feel thankful that the engagement between her daughter and Stauncel was only an embryo one. And so she gave her daughter ready secret instructions.

"I don't think, looking back, that at first Lucy Chetwynd was old enough to jilt Gerald. But the girl's character was a weak one, and her love of admiration had been fostered from her childhood. She gradually attested more and more complacently to Dasserton's compliments, for a season of utter dissipation which had taught him one accomplishment, which was his sole—eating pretty things neatly; and as Gerald was a way day after day on his electrifying business—poor fellow, he'd come in at night and tell Lucy his day's adventures conversing, as if she should share them—the peer had good chance of making play And he made it.

The peer and his son were too thoroughly bred to dream of treachery in a guest.

Moreover, the generous spirit of Gerald led him to trust a former friend, and especially an unscrupulous friend, implicitly; so he let the viscount escort Lucy hither and thither, with the full trustfulness of a confiding nature. But when these natures are deceived, their wrath is terrible.

"I can fancy what an unchanged lion Gerald would have been," said I.

"Yes," said Chasemore, "you are right."

"After about three weeks, and during Gerald's absence, Lord Dasserton formally proposed to and was accepted by Miss Chetwynd. The secret was well kept, and he having procured a license, they were married at a church near the parish; then lord and Lady Dasserton went suddenly abroad, accompanied by Mrs. Chetwynd.

"The cloth removed, my host passed over the claret, and drawing his chair to the fire, relapsed into silence; his cheery conversation ended, silence remained unbroken.

"Ah," he said, suddenly, "I never feel so thankful for my own domestic happiness—I wish my Laura had been at home for you to make her acquaintance—than when I put together all the links, half forgotten, of poor Stauncel's story."

He rose and went to a drawer, took something out, and brought it to me. It was a leather case, in which was a gold hunting watch, with one cover dented in by a heavy blow. I looked at the crest and saw it was the Stauncel falcon.

"There," said Chasemore, "there's my sole relic of poor Gerald. He gave it me just before he died."

"Died!" I said, in utter bewilderment; "do you mean that Gerald's dead?"

"Dead. Eight years ago."

I was thunderstruck. I had so keen a remembrance of the man we spoke of. His athletic form and splendid health were the envy of

us all. He came of a long lived and sound stock as could be found in England; and eight years ago he was in the very first prime of manhood.

"Ah," said Chasemore, as if he guessed my thoughts, "no cheese carried off Gerald; he was killed. I'll tell you all the story."

"You know the generous offer the old squire made to me to reside as the salaried physician of the family at the Court till I could find a practice to suit me. To a young fellow fresh from college and hall, with a brain new diploma, the attractions of a handsome salary, perfect kindness, and equality with an ancient family, one of the first in the country, were great temptations. I went. I was treated by everyone as a friend and visitor, and shared all their invitations. My work was a sinecure, so I kept my hand in by prescribing for the village, and aiding a little the overworked Union medical officer. As for Gerald, he was my constant companion, shooting and riding, and filled up his working hours by studying for his political career; for he was no mere *fauteuil* aspirant to legislative initials. You know what an intelligent had."

"One of Mrs. Stauncel's oldest friends was a neighboring Mrs. Chetwynd, widow of an Indian Major, who had left her with a fair income and a beautiful daughter. The widow and her daughter were constant visitors at Stauncel; in fact, they were on the most intimate footing, and Miss Chetwynd was 'Lucy' to everybody (Gerald included) except myself. She was a brilliant blonde, with a very complexion, deep blue eyes, and a rosebud of a mouth. Tall, graceful, slimly-formed, and light in all her movements, she was a model of feminine vigorous grace.

"The young lady was clever in her own way. She drew well, talked French and Italian well, and danced well; but she had no taste for music or intellectual pursuit; therefore there wasn't much sympathy at that point between her and Gerald.

"Gerald grew, I saw, fond of the young beauty, and he was not the man to enter half-heartedly on any cause. Ere long he was evidently passionately fond of Lucy Chetwynd. He told her so, and the girl confessed her *pensiveness* for him, for she was fond of him—very few girls would not have been so. And her mother, a thorough woman of the world, was alive to the eligibility of Mr. Stauncel's eldest son—Mr. Stauncel being a rich and long-descended landowner. Generally you don't find the qualities united.

"Lucy behaved very prettily. That's a queer word, isn't it? but it means just what I think. 'Pretty,' her demeanor, and manner, and speeches to him were 'loving,' I never thought them. She was rather *distracta* at times when he used to try to make her as enthusiastic as himself over Byron and Edgar Poe, or ran on for an hour discussing on Mozart's sonatas. Music to him was his life-blood; with her, it was a 'pretty' accomplishment. Still, to all appearance, they seemed to suit each other well. But the engagement seemed only a half one.

"In the summer down came a visitor. He had been a tuft at Christ church in Gerald's time, and an ally of his on the river. He was a handsome man, rather *insouciant* in manner, and stupid in his ideas, or lack of them. But he was Riot, fifth Viscount Dasserton, and owner of half a Welch County. That fact his admirers never forgot, and it threw a haze of romance and life over him. And the viscount never forgot it himself.

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"Gerald paused a second, and then, with a glance at Lucy, sprang on the line. He seized the baby, tossed it to the nurse, and turned; but the express was on him like a fish, it passed, and Gerald Stauncel lay motionless between the rails. Dasserton, his face blanched to the lips, hurried over, as did some laborers near. I, half frantic, rushed to our poor friend, and a cursory examination showed me how fatal his injuries—arm and ribs broken, by the blow of the engine buffer, and internal wounds. He only lived for an hour from the time he was struck down. He was sensible, and we carried him into a cottage near, and there in a strage group we stayed.

"By-and-by, the white face grew for a second flushed, the eyes opened, the lips quivered. And Lucy Dasserton burst into bitter tears.

"The child?" gasped Stauncel, half insensible.

"'You've saved him—you whom I so wronged,' said he.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DYING GIRL.

And thou art dying, beautiful and young,
When smiles of joy should on thy lips be
playing,
And thou shouldst bound with sportive glee
alone,
Where merry maids are in the meadows
Maying.
The spring sun shineth through thy window-
pane,
The pleasant breeze with balmy breath is
sighing,
And thou canst hear the feathered minstrel's
strain,
In that still room where thou art pale and
dying.

Why is thy spirit summoned to the skies,
Untested by years, unvisited by sorrow?
Why art thou called, ere yet thy gentle eyes
Have feared to look upon the coming morrow?
Thy cheek bath never paled with anxious care,
Thy heart bath never shuddered with guilty
sadness;
Even as thyself thy course was pure and fair,
Hallowed by love, and cheered with looks of
gladness.

Why didst thou leave thine own immortal
Heaven,
For earthly guests to cherish and care for thee?
Why unto us wert thou, sweet spirit, given,
And called away when we had learned to
bless thee?

Why wert thou fashioned lovely to the sight?
Why were thine eyes with tender radiance
streaming?
Why didst thou come, young being of delight,
To fade like mirage on the pilgrim gleaming?

Selfish and weak!—why should we wish thee
here?

Poss to thy home, unspotted, happy spirit;
Hasten on blissful wing to that glad sphere;
Where thou wilt glory evermore inherit,
Mingle and dwell among the angel band;
But, O! while stars beneath thy path are
burning,
Think thou at times upon our sinful land,
And plead for those whose gaze is upward
turning.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XLVII.

NIXON'S HUT.

The lad who held the letter between his thumb and finger, and whose light-blue eyes, round, prominent, and restless, were engaged in taking a stealthy survey of Lord Ulswater's personal appearance, was not a favorable specimen of the British peasant. He was no chubby, honest-faced youngster, with a wholesome pink skin, and a candid look, such as may be seen any day in agricultural England, and whom it is easy to imagine in the Roman slave-market, with a benevolent pope pinching their ears as he utters the venerable pun; "Non Angli, sed Angeli;" for these round-faced, ruddy scions of the old English stock really do present no slight resemblance to the rosy cherubs whose heads, and wings, and plump toeses we admire, as they flutter, smilingly, on painted canvas and frescoed ceiling.

The messenger in question differed from these as a gaunt Irish pig, limbed like a grayhound and fanged like a wolf, differs from the indolent porker, small-boned and obese, that wins gold medals at Islington. A lank, rawboned stripling was he as he stood there in his ragged smock-frock; a white flat hat, low-crowned, and with a narrow brim turning upwards, resting on his head. It was just such a hat as the comic countryman wears upon the stage; but it was old and damaged, and had a streak of blood and matted hair's fur upon it, that no keeper could have read without emotion. From under the upturned brim of this hat, there fell a quantity of neglected hair, of a white flaxen tint, that matched perfectly with the freckled face, the high cheek bones, and the protuberant blue eyes of this rustic Ganymede. Lord Ulswater looked to his servant for an explanation.

"Sorry if I've done wrong, my lord, I'm sure," said the groom. "This nor came a quarter of an hour ago with a letter he said he was told not to give into no one's hands except your lordship's own. He stood me out, it was on business of consequence, and so I made so bold to bring him out to you, my lord. They're a bad lot, them Nixons, in a general way, and I know him for a Nixon directly he put his ugly face inside the stable-yard," continued the groom, who was a local groom, born and bred in the district, and who knew its inhabitants pretty well by sight and by report.

"You did right, Masters," said Lord Ulswater. "I think the boy must be a Nixon, as you say. Is that your name, my lad?" he added.

"My name be Kit Nixon," said the youth, sheepish and yet saucy. "I ben't ashamed of it, and so I tell you Tom Masters. We're as good as you, we Nixons. We're all there, we are, whatever you may say; and if my dad and Uncle Simon warn't in trouble, you don't."

"Hold your tongue, my young friend," said Lord Ulswater, in her amusement and displeasure by the boy's pitifulness. "Who wrote that letter?"

"I dunno," replied the stripling, suddenly divesting his freckled face of every sign of intelligence, and confronting the inquirer with abject stupidity; "I dunno he."

"Do you know, you lime, you're a talker to my lord, and he be a justice of the peace, too?" cried the groom, quite scandalized, and then touched his hat again, and "begged pardon, my lord."

"I know," said the boy, turning savagely on his master—"I know, Tom Masters, for all you're liver, and your boots and spurs, Uncle Simon dash'd ye, like a sack of wheat, he d, at Lushington Fair; and I'll dash ye too for a sovereign a side, when I'm a year or two older."

The noble owner of St. Pagans laughed gently. This little play of comedy was a relief to his gloomy thoughts. He motioned to the groom to be silent, and took the letter from the boy, who resigned it unwillingly.

"You be the gentleman sure?" said Kit Nixon.

Lord Ulswater opened the letter, and almost as soon as his eyes lit upon the writing, a great change came over him, and his face blanched as if the Gorgon's glares were turning his flesh to marble.

"Saddle a horse," he said, hastily; "the gray, *Freddy*, will do for to day. Bring the horse round to me here; and make no fuss about this, Masters, either in the stables or in the servants' hall; you understand?" And Lord Ulswater looked fixedly in the man's face.

Masters, the groom, looked as intelligent as he could.

"Yes, my lord," was all he said, but he had an air of great importance as he ran round to the yard. "Take off gray *Freddy*'s clothing, will ye, you, Simeon," he cried to a helper. "Just give him a rub down while I get the saddle and bridle from the harness-room, and turn him round in the stall, and unbuckle them coupling-reins, and get the halter off. Look sharp!"

"My lord's in a hurry, seemingly," said Simon, as the girls were drawn.

"What's that to you? Don't you go jawing about it, I advise you, my man," snapped Masters in reply.

It was not the best way of obeying his lord's injunction certainly, but he had gray *Freddy* saddled in the twinkling of an eye, and brought him round to the cliff-pain, where Lord Ulswater stood, with the letter crumpled in his hand.

"You must show me the way; I shall not ride fast," said Lord Ulswater as he mounted.

Kit Nixon, who was the person addressed, nodded and grinned. "All right, governor," said this irreverent young person, to whom social decoupage was as nothing; and as the rider headed his horse towards the spreading downs, this strange foot-page ambled beside his steed, sending back a gesture of defiance by way of farewell to Masters.

"Darned young gallowsbird; he'll come to no good!" muttered the groom, gazing after him.

Freddy was a sixteen-hands high horse and a fast walker; but Kit Nixon, at a shambling, jerky pace, kept well up with him all across the elastic turf, that spread for a mile or so, unbroken, over the downs, running inland. Presently, a gate appeared, guarding the entrance of a narrow lane, and henceforth the way lay between hedgerows, past small woods, and among lonely hills, the sides of which bore a short herbage, nibbled by little flocks of sheep. Only once or twice was a cart, trudging beside his team of two sturdy farm-nags, harnessed tandem-fashion, and drawing a load of quicklime from the kiln, passed upon the solitary road. But rough and uneven as was the track, the guide showed no sign of distress. "Trot if ye like!" he said once as he jerked along; and as Lord Ulswater did not press his horse into a faster pace, Kit Nixon merely gave a shrill whistle, to prove that he had breath to spare, and buried a stone now and again at the rabbits that sat sunning themselves at the entrance of their burrows.

"We live on Clackley Common," Mr. Christopher Nixon had said; and as Clackley, corrupted into Clackley in local parlance, was one of those out-of-the-way nooks which exist in every district, and which few but the compilers of Ordnance Maps have ever heard of, the lad's guidance among the lanes was not a work of surpise. As Lord Ulswater rode quietly along, with that ill-written letter in his breast pocket, he found that his thoughts, vagrant as it is in the nature of thoughts to be, strayed to the probable future of the impudent young fellow running beside his stirrup.

As Professor Owen builds up a Dicrion out of a few dry bones of the dead-and-gone wingless bird, so had Lord Ulswater the power to construct a tolerably correct mental picture of Kit Nixon from the data before him. He could see the family—there are such everywhere—under a censurable stigma, shunned, suspected, getting a livelihood, as Eau got one, by the strong hand. All countries contain such civilized savages, plying a dubious industry on the borders of society, snatching and snarling for crumbs like the wild dogs at the gate of Divos. He had some recollection of a Nixon sentenced to penal servitude for horse-stealing, and of another hanged (but that was in John Carnac's nursery-day, and he had heard the servants prattle of the thing) for stealing sheep.

What would become of this creature, whose most innocent employment was to help in netting a covey of partridges, who only worked once a year at hop-picking, and whose father and uncle were in jail for the twentieth time perhaps? Would he take the shilling from Sergeant Kite, and be moulded into a smart soldier?

That was of course, and emigration was another; but beyond that there lay a vista of nothing but bachelors and model prisons, with perhaps a halter at the end.

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Shelton. The lawless family dwelling on Clackley Common, went not, he knew, betray him. Loyalty to all constables, sessions, juries, and legal persons and paraphernalia was a tradition with them, and almost a passion. Very likely, as Sir Robert Walpole declared every man, politically speaking, to have his price, the Nasons might have theirs; but it would need a large reward to induce a member of the household to give up an old pal, and stand in the box as a crown witness.

The scheme was soon hatched; but Bendigo Hill was eager to drop no hint of anything worse than robbery with violence as the cause of his desire to "keep dark" for a while. The Nasons were not very scrupulous, but they might have felt some repugnance to willful assassination. Policemen and gamekeepers were, no doubt, natural enemies of the human race, to exterminate whom was excusable, if not meritorious; but the cold-blooded killing of a person not belonging to these objectionable classes, would have probably shocked them not a little. As a garrison in difficulties, yet with sufficient cash to stand stoutly, the fugitive was more than welcome. He had been for two or three days a guest at Nixon's Hat, and his spirits were beginning to flag by day, and his sleep by night to be troubled with grisly dreams.

"Do help me to get out of this, my lord," the fellow pleaded, as he concluded his tale; and as he spoke, he produced the papers taken from the person of the unfortunate London doctor: "do give me a lift, or I shall get the horrors. I've seen shapes that had something on their minds, at the diggings."

Lord Ullwater took the papers; he looked them over, almost carelessly, and placed them in his pocket.

"Worth having, but not at such a price!" he said with his cold smile. Then he smiled again, more cordially, and his voice was more gentle than before, as he said: "I will give you a lift, as you call it, Bill—a lift that will set you on your feet again, free from all apprehension of a near acquaintance with Mr. Grafton. Your talents have not scope, it seems, in this old-fashioned country. California, now, with three or four hundred pounds to start you in life—"

"The very thing, my lord!" cried the man, brightening up at once. "If your lordship only would."

"And I will. But you have a service to render me first," said Lord Ullwater. "Do not trouble yourself to speak. I see by your face that you would do much to begin life afresh in an untried country. I cannot tell you yet what is in the service that I require, keep still, and keep sober. In a day, or two, or three, you shall see me here again; and I promise you that within a week or two, you shall be at sea, clear of England!—Enough! you must have patience!" And shaking off the ruffian's grasp from his bride, Lord Ullwater turned his horse, and rode leisurely back to St. Pagans.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AMONG THE MARKET GARDENS.

"Justice must be done—nigh to be done. There will be no blessing upon us or ours, Jim, dear, unless we help that poor child to get his own inheritance," exclaimed Loya, with passionate earnestness.

"I say so too," rejoined her husband; and old Brum nodding assent, the motion may be said to have been put to the vote and carried unanimously. It was, in fact, something like a council of war that was being held by this trio.

The house in which the council of war was held was such a house, and in such a situation, as only a suburban dweller to the east of London could have paralleled. The dwelling itself was cottage-shaped, but it was neither of stone nor brick; it was of wood, and of second-hand wood also, for it appeared as if no portion of the materials had not done service before. Part of the extraordinary cottage consisted of the sternest half of an old barge, sawn in two, and a modestly set up endways in the earth, and propped by great tarry pieces of timber, on which small, which were English threepences, had left their glistening track. The half-barge was yellow; but the rest of the walls had been composed of stray pine-planks, old doors painted green or blue, boards rough as when they left the saw-mill, but dark with exposure to weather, and walls—as there was duckweed on the little canal that served to irrigate the garden in dry weather—and the veranda (ingeniously built of boards from Canton tea-chests) that had once held Mynheer's porters, was dropping to pieces from the effects of mildew, the Professor's observation was evidently within the limits of truth.

But Sarks had a sailor's handy knock for adjusting and contriving; and his wife being gifted with the quick perception and neat handed industry which women are rarely without, the furniture was speedily arranged in orderly fashion, and the old place began to look neater than ever it could have done in the days of its founder. Brum was indefatigable. He ran errands assiduously, was ready to fetch and carry like a retriever, and did his best to ingratiate himself with his guests. He showed great skill in devising impromptu entertainments, bringing in, now a deaf old female, warranted to scrub and scour as long as the tea and gin, which seemed the staff of life to her, were forthcoming; now a little girl, capable of sweeping floors and peeling potatoes, and whose parents were glad that she should earn a sixpence by a morning's enlistment under Mrs. Park's orders.

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Presently, however, old Brum, whose age was not exempt from caprice, as indeed the age of a Methusalem would scarcely be, took fire with a wholly novel notion. The Sarks made no secret of their intention to emigrate to America, where the clever Manxman's talents, eminently market-

bell-glasses like great vulture mushrooms strewed thickly over the ground, acres of gooseberry-bushes, cucumbers under glass, and scarlet runners twining high upon their trellis-work of poles, as if emulous of the fairy beauties up which Jack climbs to fortune. But not a square inch of lawn, no blossom beyond a score or two of tall breast-faced sunflowers; nothing for show—all for use.

These gardens were divided from one another, here by a tiny canal, there by a low brick wall, well defended by broken glass, and in a third instance by wooden palings, garnished with a triple row of cruel-looking tenter-hooks, over which the most famished of street Arabs would hardly have ventured. They contained quantities of arbores, generally made of an old boat set on end, but sometimes merely consisting of a few saplings or blots of halfrotten timber, draped all other with honeysuckle or French beans. There were also sheds innumerable, some for tools, and some for seeds, and others for the habitation of domestic animals—rabbits, pigs, and poultry; profitably maintained on the refuse of the greengrocers and roots, the best of which were daily cast off to satiate the perennial appetite of craving London.

Beyond, over a view of lowlying marshy fields, and broad ditches and wind-mills, lay the Thames, with all its masts rising gaunt through the haze of river vapor, and the smoke of the many inland-bridge steamers, ceaselessly puffing and splashing their buses way up and down the muddy stream. On a mellow autumn evening, when the sun was going down, brick red or tawny orange, in the stained western sky, and when the high lands lying to the north were hidden by fog-wreaths clinging heavily to the foot of the hills, the late Mynde Vanperenboom might, without any great stretch of imagination, have probably shamed them not a little. As a garrison in difficulties, yet with sufficient cash to stand stoutly, the fugitive was more than welcome. He had been for two or three days a guest at Nixon's Hat, and his spirits were beginning to flag by day, and his sleep by night to be troubled with grisly dreams.

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SHELF LIFE.

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able, would be likely to meet with a substantial reward for their exercise, and still more so if he could carry with him a sum of money to set him up in some small way of business. Why, thought the veteran Professor, should he not go to America too, keep near his young friends, and share the good-luck of which they were so confident? He had a tiny hoard of money, enough to pay his way in America for three months or so. He should not prove a drudge in the hive. His ingenuity, in some branches of manual art, was undoubted. True, what he did best was to coin spurious shillings and sovereigns, and this industry, if Jim were really resolute to be on the square henceforth, must be given up. But as a watchmaker or as a locksmith, as a working jeweler, or a working cutter, he knew very well that he was no mean proficient. He could be of use in Jezebel's future factory, if Jezebel agreed to take him.

These gardens were divided from one another, here by a tiny canal, there by a low brick wall, well defended by broken glass, and in a third instance by wooden palings, garnished with a triple row of cruel-looking tenter-hooks, over which the most famished of street Arabs would hardly have ventured. They contained quantities of arbores, generally made of an old boat set on end, but sometimes merely consisting of a few saplings or blots of halfrotten timber, draped all other with honeysuckle or French beans. There were also sheds innumerable, some for tools, and some for seeds, and others for the habitation of domestic animals—rabbits, pigs, and poultry; profitably maintained on the refuse of the greengrocers and roots, the best of which were daily cast off to satiate the perennial appetite of craving London.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

What an Indian Agent Says.

Not long ago, Gov. Crawford and United States Senator Ross, of Kansas, wrote a letter to The Missouri Democrat against the proposed peaceable Indian policy, in which they asserted that the Osage Indians were on the war path. Geo. C. Scow, United States Idaho Indian Agent, has made a statement to the effect that the impression intended to be made by the former letter is wholly false, and that the Osages are only going on their bison hunt, as they regularly do. He concludes the letter by the following paragraph, which gives an insight into the motives of the war-seeking party:

It is to the pecuniary interest of Governors, Generals and politicians to bring on a war with these savages as soon as possible, and in my opinion some of them would misrepresent the true state of affairs at whatever cost or sacrifice of life. It seems to me that our brave Governor can see a faint glimpse of Senatorial honor looming up in the distance through a horrid Indian war. If Congress would appropriate a small sum for building a temporary agency in the Osage Nation, in which an agent could live, and if the Government would pay them their annuities promptly, according to agreement, and put a deputy marshal and a posse of 30 or 40 good mounted men at the agent's control, to enable him to execute the intercours laws; and if the Legislature of Kansas would not pass such laws as the "Texas Cattle Road" laws, by which Governors, ex-Governors and state Senators expect to realize a fortune in conducting Texas cattle through Osage lands; I say, if all this could be done—and it can be, at a much less cost than an Indian war—I will wager my very existence that the Osage Indians can be kept perfectly peaceful, notwithstanding the Governor says, "there is no such thing as peace except by war."

Very respectfully, your obd^r servant,
Geo. C. Scow,
U. S. Neosho Indian Agent.
Hon. J. Wortham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Lawrence, Kansas.

From the Rural New Yorker, Rochester.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

EDWARD RURAL NEW YORKER.—Seeing that the Great American Tea Company advertise extensively in your columns, I thought it would not be improper to inquire of you concerning them—whether they are sufficiently reliable for farmers to depend on them for their Tea—whether they have a large amount of capital in it, or not, &c., or is it one of the many humbugs with which our country is infested now-a-days? Please answer through the *Rural*, and you will greatly oblige many of its constant readers.—M. W., West Liberty, Iowa, Dec., 1866.

REMARKS.—The above inquiry was received some weeks ago, and although we were confident the Company alluded to was reliable, we wished to make assurance doubly sure, and therefore wrote to an intelligent friend in New York city for information on the subject, inclosing the note of M. W. To our letter of inquiry we have received substantially this reply: "I am confident the Great American Tea Company is 'reliable' in every sense of the word. The Company have, I believe, eight large stores in this city and Brooklyn. It sells, probably, one-third of all the Tea imported in New York. In furnishing farmers by the club system, every pound of Tea is warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Satisfaction is always given, so far as it would appear from the testimony of the subscribers to the religious papers of this and other cities, and the Company is endorsed and recommended by the editors of the same papers, and other influential journals. I learn that nearly fifty persons, from the offices of these papers, are buying constantly of the Company, and you know printers and editors are not likely to patronize humbugs. If any person is fearful that he will not be treated fairly by the Company, let him write to any of the thousands of persons whose names have been published as its customers. I have taken time to find out that the statements here made are correct."

In confirmation of the statement made by our correspondent, we will only add that several prominent religious and other journals of New York strongly endorse and commend the Great American Tea Company, and that, though we have advertised it for months, we have never received a complaint from any of the large number of *Rural* readers who must be its customers. We therefore feel like commanding the Company as eminently reliable and worthy of confidence.

A wonderful doctor, with a wonderful sun-glass, is in Hartford. By the simple use of a sun-glass and the rays of the sun, he has effectually removed life-long deformities from the faces of a number of persons; but little pain is caused. A gentleman in Windsor, one-half of whose face was badly discolored from his birth, was made to rejoice in a whole clean face; and a young lady who suffered from an unightly excrescence on her chin, was similarly relieved. A mole burned with an actual little blaze and then disappeared with a slight "pop" explosion. The patient felt little or no pain after the first momentary "sing." Another man writes that the doctor's glass cured him of an obstinate cancer. It had been twice removed by surgeons. Burned out by the doctor's glass it stays out, or at least it has stayed out for upwards of a year.

There are three thousand six hundred and sixty-four known languages now used in the world. Of these, nine hundred and thirty-seven are Asiatic; five hundred and eighty-seven European; two hundred and seventy-seven African; and one thousand six hundred and twenty-four American languages and dialects.

It is likely to be demonstrated that the Chinese visited this continent a *little* before the Northmen. A San Francisco paper asserts that the first white explorers of Oregon found a *vessel*, which, from the description, is supposed to have been a Chinese junk, was found imbedded in the mud of the Columbia river. Here is a chance for Chinese antiquaries. Let them put in a claim for the earliest discovery of the continent, and fight it out on that line with the Royal Society of Copenhagen. The Chinese will doubtless send over Professor Ching-a-hing-a-ling a chi-chum-chi to look after Mongolian inscriptions on the sandstone of the Columbia.

They have a steam gong in Fall River, the sound of which is heard seventeen miles from that city.

Gill Hamilton thinks the worst thing about Minnesota is that it is 1,500 miles from Boston. Good for Minnesota that, but bad for Boston.

A Cruel Snell.

At a vice-regal levee in Dublin, a very tall and burly individual was seen struggling and pushing his way among the crowd. With great difficulty and much squeezing, he reached the door of the presence chamber, when a kind, good-natured friend whispered in his ear, "Whishish don't look, you've got a hole in your stocking." The communication had a horrible effect upon the unhappy courier, whose legs were of a size in proportion to his bulky frame; soop he durst not, turn round he could not, his only hope was the wall by which to conceal the accident he supposed had happened. Accordingly, he contrived to make his way to the wall, again which he turned his back, and in that position he sidled down stairs again and tripped a ladder to get him a car. On reaching home he amazed his family by telling them he had not been presented, and explained the reason. They examined the silken casing of his legs with care. There was no hole—the perfect symmetry of his handsome calves was unimpaired by any such disaster. He was the victim of a wicked hoax, and the court suit had been worn in vain.

A NEW CASPAR HAUSER.—A new Caspar Hauser has been discovered in the Wirschenberg district, not far from Posen. The youth, who had while a child fallen into a state of imbecility, was kept by his parents in a small space in a dark stable. When discovered his knees were contracted, owing to the narrowness of the den, and his movements were a succession of hops, like a frog, for the art of walking had long since been forgotten. In the earth, over the door, the wretched creature had scraped a hole, led by the natural instinct of a desire for freedom. When brought into the fresh air and the light a strange sound, expressive of delight, was uttered. The food that was given him he swallowed greedily. Dry bread he recognized and seized on at once; bread and butter was something unknown to him, years having passed since he had eaten any.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—After many improvements and modifications, has now reached that degree of perfection in construction, and that moderation of cost that bring it within the reach of many who could not afford to improve to inquire of you concerning them—whether they are sufficiently reliable for farmers to depend on them for their Tea—whether they have a large amount of capital in it, or not, &c., or is it one of the many humbugs with which our country is infested now-a-days?

Please answer through the *Rural*, and you will greatly oblige many of its constant readers.—M. W., West Liberty, Iowa, Dec., 1866.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.—A man by the name of Schram, while binning wheat in a field near Buchanan, Mich., gathered up in a sheaf a rattlesnake, which bit him on the finger. With remarkable coolness he immediately took his pocket-knife and cut open the end of the finger through the wound made by the snake's tooth, quickly wound a horsehair tight around the finger to prevent as much as possible the circulation of the blood, and drank a glass of liquor. The next day he was nearly well, having suffered very little inconvenience except being very sick for a short time.

IN NEW MEXICO.—In a population of 63,616 persons, there are 67,233 who can neither read nor write.

A somanbulist in Milwaukee robbed himself recently of his own money and valuable, burying them in the yard at night. He was last watched and the hiding place discovered.

The proposition to give the suffrage to women was rejected by the New York State Constitutional Convention by a vote of 61 to 20.

"We have a right to be proud of our public schools," said a prominent Boston clergyman the other day, "and yet I am amazed to find so much ignorance of general affairs prevailing among the graduates. One of them could not tell me to-day what the name of our present state governor was."

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.

THE LOWE PRINTING PRESS are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of one with carriage, \$12.00, \$20.00 for a cylinder to the **LOWE PRESS CO.** 32 Water St., Boston.

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Troy, N. Y.—Term of thirteen weeks begins September 1st, and ends for \$1.00 per week, including full board, room, teaching, and common English branches. A Gentleman pays \$600 without carpet. The facilities for preparing for college, for business, or for fitting either solid or ornamental studies, are not inferior to those of any other school, however costly or pretentious. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactury and Sales-room, No. 628 ARCH ST.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
Half payment is required in advance.

THE GREAT AMERICAN Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Washington*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large imports of the finest quality of green Teas from the Moxun districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

COLOGNE (Black), 80c., 90c., 100c., 110c., best \$1.00.
MIXED (Green and Black), 80c., 90c., 100c., 110c., best \$1.00.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., 100c., 110c., best \$1.00, 20c. extra.
IMPERIAL (Green), 90c., 100c., 110c., 120c., best \$1.00.
YUNNAN (Black), 80c., 90c., 100c., 110c., best \$1.00.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., 100c., 110c., best \$1.00.
GUNPOWDER, \$1.25, best \$1.50 extra.

Consumers can save from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per lb. by purchasing their Tea at the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned for full expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Tea at the same price with the convenience of the trade, and at a much lower price than they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club, and we are happy to inform them that it is a simple matter to do so. Let each member contribute to pay for a certain number of boxes of tea, and send the same to our warehouse, and we will pack each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the same upon them, with the cost, so there need be no trouble in getting them distributed, and getting exactly what he or she wants.

The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

Persons desiring to purchase the goods ordered may send by Draft on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club, or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, on application, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereupon we will send a complimentary package to the party setting up the Club. Our prints are small, but we will send them gratis. We will also send no commercial package for Clubs of less than \$50.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *subscribers* together, can reduce the cost of their Tea and coffee about one-third by sending directly to our warehouse.

MEMBERSHIP.—All concerns that advertise themselves as members of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *business associates*, may be admitted to our Club, and, in case any member uses the name of our Club, we will be compelled to change it.

Post offices and drays must pay to the order of The Great American Tea Company, Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.
NEW YORK.
Post office Box, 5643 New York City.

1222 ff.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and flared. Trials, waits for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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W. M. T. HOPKINS.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Location healthy, scenery unequalled, building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest working men; System of Order unsurpassed; we desire to have the following boys admitted to the train for Boarding or for West Point or the Navy Academy. For details, address OTIS BISHOP, A. M., Principal and Proprietor.

1222 ff.

ELECTRIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA—Winter Session commences OCTOBER 7, 1867. Thirty students take up their residence in Philadelphia, and receive \$100 per month. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH STEPHENSON, M. D., Dean, 392 North Sixth St., Philadelphia, July 1st.

FIFTY PIECES FOR THE ORGAN.

Carefully Figured and Not Difficult.

Consisting of Offeraries, Elevation, Combinations, Versets, Suites, Preludes, &c. By Edward Batiste, Professor of the Conservatoire of Paris, and Organist of St. Eustache. This day published at the following prices: In cloth, \$1. In boards, \$1.50. Mailed, post free, on receipt of price, by OLIVER DITSON & CO., 377 Washington St., Boston.

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS

Send for catalogue of new Architectural Works, enclosing stamp. A. J. BICKNELL, Troy, N. Y.

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PSYCHOMANCY.—LOVIE LOVE!—Full instructions, by which any person can master the whole art of Psychomancy and reading love of either sex in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent for 5 cents. Address F. F. WOOD, Vernon, New Jersey.

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FOR THE IMPROVED EYE. Postpaid on receipt of 10 cents.

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WONDERFUL!

How either sex may instantly gain the undivided love of any person they choose. The single married the married happy and WISE IN TIME. Major happiness and more. Also Journal of Love, Secret of Success, How to Get Rich, &c. Address F. F. WOOD, Vernon, New Jersey.

1222 ff.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who

wishes to be rid of his youthful follies, and

make himself a better man, will all the effects of youthful indiscretions, will be compelled to make a

new life, and all the effects of youthful indiscretions, will be compelled to make a

new

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Clear Case of Conscience.

We have lately heard a story connected with a prominent lawyer who has distinguished himself in the defense of criminals as well as in connection with other trials, having frequently through his skill aided the most hardened criminals to escape from justice. Some time ago, while our friend was attending court in an adjoining county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity, charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of. The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing one hundred and fifty dollars in bank notes, and had got him indicted.

"Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say that it makes no difference with you whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out in some way. So don't talk any more about guilt till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" said the lawyer. "You just hold on till the trial is over; give me the compensation Jesus on the cross examination, and the other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced, and proved to be a somewhat protracted and exciting one. The District Attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two \$50 bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in \$10 bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil silk. The jury, after listening to the counsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the judge, retired, and soon brought a verdict of not guilty. The accused, who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the effect of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"Free as water, ain't it? What's the use of trying a man for stealing when you're around?

Now I suppose you want your pay!"

"Yes, have you got anything to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lend me your knife, and we'll see about that."

The lawyer, slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.

The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waistband of his pants, and soon produced the roll of bills, wrapped up in the identical piece of oil silk described by the witness for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed—

"There, take your pay out of that; I think there is enough there to pay you tolerably well!"

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Soil that money! Why, what are you talking about? Didn't them twelve men up stairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of your trying to raise a question of conscience, after twelve respectable men have given their opinion upon the subject? Take your pay out of that and ask no questions. Don't be modest in taking; I got it easy enough, and you've worked hard enough for it."

Our informant did not state how much the lawyer took, but we presume the chap didn't have much change left after our friend had satisfied his conscience in the premises.

Bad Spells.

Being at a dinner, Johnny passed his plate for turnip. As he had but recently attended school, his father said:

"Spell turnip, Johnny, and I will serve you."

"Turn up," shouted the young hopeful. "I spell my own, that is not right; hold up your head, and hear how pa spells it—turn-up."

"Sakes alive," ejaculated Madam, from the head of the table, "I should like to know if I am married to a man that can't spell his own vegetables?"

Mr. Smith's dignity was wounded. He had been schoolmaster down East, and he thought he knew turnips.

"Spell it yourself, my dear," cried Mr. Smith, wiping his moustache with unusual care, while he glanced knowingly around the table.

"Well, I guess I'm able to," jerked Mrs. Smith, with a sublime tone of her cap border—"turn-up, (turnip). Words are generally spelt as they are pronounced."

"I say, he pronounced turn-up," shouted Johnny.

"It's pronounced turn-up," said Mr. Smith.

"It is pronounced turn-up," retorted Madam.

After much wrangling the family remembered there was a dictionary in the house, which was called for, and as we left we had the pleasure of hearing them spell in concert, and with evident surprise turn-up.

A Stray Boy.

A good thing occurred in Oregon, Montgomery county, Ohio, recently. The child of Mr. A., a little boy about two or three years old, got out of his yard and wandered away. Of course the family were greatly alarmed, and while the mother visited the neighbors in the church, the father went out on the street, inquiring of every one he met if they had seen his boy. At length, meeting with G. S. B., who is very fond of a joke, he informed him of his distress, and asked him if he knew of a stray boy anywhere in the neighborhood. B. promptly informed him that a little fellow had just come to Sam F.'s house, a few doors away, and without waiting for further information, the anxious parent hurried off to F.'s, and meeting F., he at once inquired if there was a stray boy there? F.—said yes.

"Well, I'm sure it must be mine," said A., "for he wandered away a short time ago."

"Well, I don't believe it's yours," returned F., "but you can go in and see my wife—she's in bed—and if she consents to your taking the boy away, I'll have nothing to say against it."

A.—took the hint that the stray boy at F.'s was not the boy he was hunting, and he went home to find his boy had turned up all right.

The following political argument appeared recently in a Parkersburg (West Virginia) paper: "Vote for General Karns for Mayor, who was ten years old before he ever wore pants or shoes."



EXCAVATOR TO HIMSELF.—"Ull! 'ere's one of them artists. 'Deasy 'e'll want a genteliger for 'is foreground. I'll stand for 'im! !"

What They Are Doing.

The man who "Desires I Dwell in Marble Hall" has opened a marble quarry there, and is doing a thriving business in getting out gravestones.

The author of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," has opened a library stable, and is carried back in his own conveyance whenever he goes.

The man who sang "I am Lonely Since My Mother Died" isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his mother-in-law makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending a saw-mill. He will be on the water.

The author of "Shells of the Ocean" is in the clam business.

The man who wanted to "Kiss him for his Mother" attempted to kiss his mother for the other day, and she gave him a walloping for himself."

The author of "Three Blind Mice" has started a menagerie with them.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the Morning" found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lived abed rather later now.

"Give me a Cat in the Valley I Love," has got a cat in the Infirmary.

The man who sighed "Take me Home to Die," took Dr. Keer's System R-novator, and is now a fine old Irish gentleman.

"Meet Me by Moonlight Alone" has left off meat and taken to drink.

The author of "Roll on Silver Moon" has opened a ball alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it.

The disconsolate one who wrote "Have you Seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another fellow informs him, through the music store, that "Maggie's by my side."

"I'd Offer This Head of Mine" has been sued for breach of promise.

"Old Susanna" has settled with her at length, and don't owe Susanna any more.

The author of "Old Arm Chair" is still in the second hand furniture business.

The one who asked "Who will Care for Mother now?" has finally consented to take care of the old woman himself, as no one else seemed inclined to.

One evening a gentleman who had an appointment with one of the actors was going behind the stage, when he was stopped by the Irish stage manager.

"And what'll ye be after wantin'?"

"I want to see Mr. —."

"The mischief ye do! And itsyself that has the impudence! Want to see my auctoriat? An suppose ye kept a menagerie, how would you like it yourself if every b'ysard wanted to come in an see the beasts for nothin'?"

ALL THE WHILE.

The nights they come and the nights they go, And the rows they light round them lie—

And the stars are bright and the stars are sweet,

And I sit in the silence and watch them meet;

But all the while my heart beats low,

For the moon is out of my sky!

The seasons come and the seasons go—

Spring so gay, and winter so drear—

And I sit in the light of the golden hours,

And pick the blossoms and beautiful flowers;

But all the while my heart beats low,

For the May is out of my year!

The mornings come and the mornings go—

Yellow and purple, crimson and gray,

And the milkweed rings as she calls her cows,

And the farm lad whistles the while he ploughs;

But all the while my heart beats low,

For the lark, the lark is away!

The rain descends, and the gardens grow,

And the woodland moss makes green her bed,

And the bushes are full as bushes can hold

Of bells of silver and globes of gold;

But all the while my heart beats low,

For the rose, the rose, she is dead!

The tides they ebb and the tides they flow,

And the sun shines more than the storm can drown,

And the ships with their white sails flowing free,

Like a forest of silver, cover the sea;

And all the while my heart beats low,

For the one good ship gone down!

E—When a man looks through a tear in his own eye, it is often a lens which reveals his telescope however skillfully constructed, could do.

G—If a rattlesnake strikes at and misses you, you had better *re-coil* before he has time to,

greatly to promote its growth and value, both as regards the plant and seed.

Prof. Johnson says, "a green crop ploughed in is believed by some practical men to enrich the soil as much as the droppings of cattle from a quantity of green food three times as great."—*New England Farmer*.

Items.

In England there are many farmers who more than support themselves and large families on the product of six acres, besides paying heavy rents. Agriculturists in Germany, who are proprietors of five acres, support themselves on two, and lay up money on the product of the remainder.

EXPERIMENTS have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun, will be much more durable if applied in autumn or spring, than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard, glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

Ohio farmers are complaining of the extraordinary mortality among the lambs of their Vermont stock. One farmer in Knox county, lost twenty-three out of twenty-six lambs from his full blooded ewes. No adequate cause seems to exist, and at present the subject is a mystery.

TO KILL borers and other insects from fruit trees, the following wash is recommended by one who has tried it. Put into a water tight barrel, one gall. soft soap, four quarts of sulphur, four quarts air-slacked lime; four quarts of wood ashes, half bushel of cow or hen manure, and water enough to fill the barrel.

PRAKING of two adjoining farms, one of which was well cultivated, every field being clear and in fine condition, the other filled with thistles, whiteweed, thoroughwort, &c., a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* says: If I keep a dog and he jumps over my weed-growing neighbor's fence and kills a half starved sheep, I am accountable for the damage, and the sheep owner is looked upon as a deeply injured person; while at the very time, he is seedling my fields with the most noxious weeds that will cost me time and money to eradicate, yet I have no redress.

COAL TAR FOR SHEEP.—The Urbana, *Citizen*, says, that a farmer of Ohio, has used with great success, coal tar for maggots in sheep. When all other remedies failed to remove the maggots from the wounds, he applied the coal tar, which effected a speedy cure.

RECEIPTS.

CHICKEN PUFS—Mince up together the breast of a chicken, some lean ham, half an anchovy, a little parsley, some saffron, and lemon peel, and season these with pepper, salt, cayenne, and beaten mace. Let this be on the fire for a few minutes, in a little good white sauce. Cut some thinly rolled out puff paste into squares, putting on each some of the mince, turn the paste over, fry them in boiling lard, and serve them up on a *serviette*. These puffs are very good, and they form a convenient supper dish.

TO KEEP FRESH FISH.—To keep fish fresh, clean them and remove the gills; then insert pieces of charcoal in their mouths and bellies; if they are to be conveyed any distance, wrap each fish up separately in linen cloth, and place them in a box with cabbage leaves above and below.

CABBAGE JELLY.—Boil cabbage in the usual way, and squeeze it in a colander till perfectly dry, then chop small; add a little butter, pepper, and salt; press the whole very closely into an earthenware mould, and bake one hour, either in a side oven or in front of the fire. When done turn it out.

MORERO CHERRY SYRUP.—Take the stones out of the cherries, mash them, and press out the juice in an earthen pan; let it stand in a cool place for two days, then filter; add two pounds of sugar to one pint of juice, finish in the bain-marie, or stir it well on the fire, and give it one or two boils.

MULBERRY SYRUP.—One pint of juice, one pound twelve ounces of sugar. Press out the juice, and finish as cherry syrup.

GOOSEBERRY SYRUP.—One pint of juice, one pound twelve ounces of sugar. To twelve pounds of ripe gooseberries add two pounds of cherries without stones, squeeze out the juice, and finish as others.

RICE WAFFLES.—Take a teacup and a half of boiled rice, wear it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, take it from the fire, stir in a pint of cold milk and a teaspoonful of salt, beat four eggs and stir them in, together with sufficient flour to make it a stiff batter.

FOR MILK PUDDING.—Stir one teaspoonful of siccates in one quart of sour milk or butter milk, then put in six eggs, three cupsful of sifted flour, and a pinch of salt; bake in hot oven. Make a hot sauce of one cupful of butter, two cupsfuls of sugar, three eggs; beat well together. Put the sauce in a bowl and set it on the stove in a pan of boiling water till the sugar melts.

TRAVELLING BISCUIT.—Two pounds of flour, one-quarter pound of butter, one teaspoonful of siccates, milk sufficient to roll out, knead out perfectly light.

CUP CAKE.—Mix together five cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, well beaten, one wineglass of wine, one of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

RASPBERRY WINE.—To every quart of juice add two quarts of soft water and three pounds of loaf sugar; boil the fruit, press out the juice, wash the pulp in the water, and strain it into the wine.

COCONUT CAKE.—One coffee cup of butter, three cups of sugar, one cup of milk, four and a half of flour, four eggs—the whites beaten to a stiff froth—one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, one coconut grated. Excellent.

REMOVING STAINS FROM MARBLE AND IVORY.—Soak a large lump of Spanish whitening in just enough water to moisten it, putting a piece of washing soda into the water. Take some of this mixture on a flannel, and rub the marble well repeatedly, leaving it on for a little while. Wash all off with soap and water, dry the marble well, and afterwards polish it with a soft duster.

SWEETBREAD.—Soak sweetbread in cold water for about half an hour. Pick out the little veins and skin. Throw in boiling water for three minutes. Then put them under a board for half an hour, with a board on to flatten them. Cut slits in and insert slivers of salt pork over the top. Put them in a bakepan with a little salt pork, and broil to cover the bottom of the pan. Put them in the oven. When baked (say an hour or more) add a little broth, and in a few minutes serve.

SCARE ME AGAIN.—A young gentleman or an elderly